

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS BIDI DUDLEY

Have you noticed that lately the waiters of the newspaper man as he sits at the counter in the small restaurants at breakfast?

Well, you know I know a young fellow who has been out for a while and he has a thing or two to say about it.

What's that for? I ask. "Well, I mean I'm in it," he says. "I mean I'm in it."

Well, damn the dance, we could stop an' let you go if that girl's mother knew she was to see Osborne.

"Sure!" I reply. "About \$10 fine an' costs." Then I grow firm. "Look a-here, Ethelbert, I say, I'm not an exposition dancer."

"All right," he says. "I'll get another girl, an' when you see us earning a thousand a week as Oliver & Osborne, the great dancers, you'll drop dead."

"He frowns an' says, 'I wish I could hesitate with you one. I'd win you.' I looks straight at him. 'All right, Ethelbert, I say, I'm not an exposition dancer.'"

"That's true love," Harold Hosten, assistant treasurer at the Lyric Theatre, is a bridegroom.

De Wolf Hopper's son, aged three months, is the recipient of a 1915 season pass to the Giants' games at the Polo Grounds, sent him by Harry M. Hempstead.

Dorothy Young, stepdaughter of the late Mrs. Horlick, is to go on the stage. She has been engaged by the Messrs. Schubert for a part in the new Joseph Santley musical piece, "All Over Town."

F. Ziegfeld Jr. has engaged Ann Pennington for five years. Margaret Anglin's new play is now called "Beverly's Balance."

Edna Trentini and Clifton Crawford will introduce a new duet in "The Peasant Girl" to-night.

John P. Slocum's "The Quaker Girl" company will close April 17 in Detroit. Rheumatism is bothering Mr. Slocum.

only employees connected with the institution who were there when it opened.

The Messrs. Schubert have been given a gold peace whistle with the Police Department's compliments, as a token of appreciation for the use of the Hippodrome for the Pension Fund benefit.

E. Wallis Dunn has gone to Atlantic City ahead of the Seven Cohans. To be more explicit, Mr. Dunn is arranging a living place there for Mr. and Mrs. Jerry J. Cohan, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Cohan and Mary Agnes, Helen Frances and George M. Cohan Jr., the last named three being George M. Cohan's children.

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THE EVENING WORLD'S "MOVIE-STORY" COMPLETE EACH WEEK

THE VANISHED HEIRESS—By Harry Cooke

Part One—Under Suspicion

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Iris Van Blanke, an attractive Brooklyn girl, whose parents are dead, Saturday left her home, which she has made with her guardian and his sister to go shopping and up to Monday morning has not returned. Greatly disturbed her guardian notifies the police.

Detectives trace her to a jewelry store on Fifth Avenue, New York, where she was last seen boarding a Fifth Avenue motor bus. There the trail ends. Voluntary disappearance is discredited, as in two weeks she was to have come into her modest inheritance.

Her guardian, although old enough to be her father, is all the more distressed because he secretly has fallen in love with Iris. Subtly he has tried to win her love from young "Monty" Carroll, whom he now suspects of having eloped with the girl.

This suspicion is confirmed when, telephoning to Monty's home, he learns that the young man has been absent since Saturday morning. Sure now that he has a satisfactory clue, he telephones police headquarters and asks that a detective be sent immediately to him.

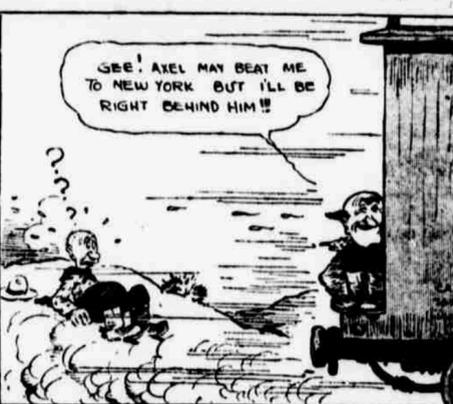
Scarcely has the detective arrived when Monty himself is ushered into the room. In a moment Iris's guardian hurls himself at the young man's throat, demanding "What have you done with Iris?" His fingers savagely clutch their grip.—Continued to-morrow.



"S'MATTER, POP?"



FLOOEY AND AXEL—If Axel Arrives Ahead of Flooey He's Gotta Do Some Swift Travelling!



THE MARRYING OF MARY—What's Sauce for the Goose May Be Sauce for the Gander, but Pa Isn't Taking Any Chances!



HOW I EARNED MY RAISE—No. 7—A Railroad Man's Rise



I went to work at the age of fourteen but for nine years drifted from one job to another working in almost every State in the Union. At last settling down at home and determined to "make good" at something, I went to work on the railroad to help the arbuckle man at 19 cents per hour.

I borrowed books relating to the arbuckle system and spent my evenings at home studying them. I made it a practice to do my work thoroughly and right and to look for something to do when the other fellows were loafing.

The other men told me I was doing too much work and had spoiled the easy job. They said "You have to have a pull to get promoted." They had been right where they started for years, but at the end of eight months I was raised to 21 cents per hour.

The road opened up a new yard and I was called to report at the office. There I was told that I had made good from the day I started to work and was promoted to foreman of the passenger yard at \$85 per month. I made up my mind to keep right on "making good."

Eighteen months later another railroad sent for me to take charge of a yard at an increase of \$5 per month. In less than three years I had advanced from a helper at \$1.90 a day to \$90 a month by doing what the other fellows dodged and doing more than was expected of me.—Another Story To-Norrow.